VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

Inspector BOYD and Major ALLENBY watch Dr. GOSLING, the coroner, performing autopsy

CHAPTER XII

In St. George's they went strolling a little through some of the Old Towne's quainter side streets then, leaving behind that picturesque waterfront which forms one side of St George's Old World looking square, they caught the train. At a quarter of eleven Allenby parted from Gail and Peter in Hamilton, she to a florist's shop, and he ostensibly to seek an old friend at the American Consulate; in reality he repaired to the King Edward Memorial Hospital with all speed.

It was there he met Dr. Gosling and in silence followed the coroner to the hospital's morgue. Ugh! How noxious seemed to reek of disinfectants after Plunder Island's perfumed air.

"Have the police brought the nightgown here that Miss Fortier was wearing?" Allenby presently inquired.

"Yes. This is Police Superintendent Tyson," Inspector Boyd said in presenting a brisk, clear-eyed man in neat white linens.

"As far as I am concerned, the verdict will be 'accidental death,'" Dr. Gosling announced when he, the Superintendent and Allenby gathered about an operating table, upon which Patricia Fortier' muffled figure lay in the indescribably collapsed attitude of the dead.

"A preliminary examination has revealed that death was directly due to a terrible fracture of the medulla. The left leg suffered compound fractures. Miss Fortier died instantly— that is all."

Clip the Camera Clues

"I see," Allenby murmured. Where is the nightgown she was wearing?"

Inspector Boyd produced the garment, somewhat torn about the waist and bearing a few grisly reddish brown stains about the back of the neck.

"Does anything aside from the obvious damage strike you as queer about this nightgown?" He pointed to the hem of the lustrous satin robe.

"Wondered whether you'd notice that, Major," the Superintendent said, nodding a private satisfaction. "We were wondering just why, if Miss Fortier was really wandering around in the early morning, the skirt of her nightgown was dry and her bedroom slippers only moist."

Allenby's respect for the Bermuda police rose still further.

"We worried about that a lot," Boyd said, "until we figured out that very likely Miss Fortier gathered her skirt high to avoid wetting it with dew."

"A plausible explanation," admitted the insurance investigator, as with great delicacy he surveyed the nightgown's bosom. The white material was unmarked. "Here's a fact you couldn't be expected to know because you weren't at Freebooter's Hall last night." Grayish brows merged into a single serious line. Allenby replaced the evidence on its hanger. "When Patricia Fortier came to my room, on a perfectly proper matter, around twelve o'clock she was wearing a nightgown decorated with a good bit of lace and a little blue bow. I remember it distinctly. Please look at the garment she was wearing when she was found."

A low whistle of astonishment burst from Inspector Boyd. "Then she must have changed her nightgown."

"Rather looks like it, doesn't it? This one is satin and tailored. Now, good reason why Miss Fortier would change her nightgown once she had gotten ready for bed?" Gaze fixed on the stil, greenish-white face so oblivious to all the discussion, he said more slowly, impressively, "Also, why should that lace trimmed nightgown have utterly disappeared?"

"Disappeared?"

"Yes! I have hunted high and low but it was not to be found."

A silence generated by intense thought descended upon the autopsy room and, involuntarily, all eyes sought the victim's half shrouded figure.

"Would you came to make any observations?" Superintendent Tyson wanted to know. "I would be deeply interested to hear them."

"None, except that I'm trying to understand why it was so important to someone for that original nightgown to disappear. Do you mind if I examine the body?"

Dr. Gosling gave him a pair of rubber gloves then in silence the witnesses watched him part the sheet to view the nude, once lovely figure of Patricia Fortier, who less than twelve hours ago had expected that only happiness and a long life lay before her.

Biting his tongue to quell an attack of nausea engendered by the body's chill moisture. Allenby expertly commenced his examination, following a long established routine. First he played a small flash into the mouth, intently scrutinizing lips, teeth and tongue then, finding no trace of acid burns, he started on the torso . . . .

Employing gloved fingers, he gently pushed up the tender flesh of the right breast then, discovering nothing, repeated the operation with the left one. This time he did not remove his hand, and Dr. Gosling, leaning suddenly forward, gasped, "My God! Look at that!"

The heads of the witnesses gathered in a small, tense semi-circle as Roger Allenby used his scalpel to indicate a small puncture and the tiny smear of blood which, issuing from the wound, had spread in a crease formed beneath the breast.

"I think," said he somtly, "if you will resume your autopsy, Doctor, and trace the course and extent of this wound, you will find that death was caused not by the fall, but because someone drove a long and heavy needle or a very slender knife into Patricia Fortier's heart.

Twenty minutes later Dr. Gosling nodded his complete corroboration of Major Allenby's prediction, and Police Superintendent Tyson's look grew grave indeed.

"Beastly Mess." He frowned "When people as prominent as the Grafton are involved, it's a case packed with dynamite. By the bye, Major, what did you think there in the quarry garden when you noticed the skirt of the nightgown wasn't as wet as it should have been?"

Roger Allenby smiled deprecatingly. "It ocurred to me that someone had picked her up and carried her. That was what made me uncertain from the start. Of course, the fact that Miss Fortier was desperately afraid of toads and so might have been frightened over the edge of the quarry was in the murderer's favor. But that's a two-edged fact. Would she voluntarily have gone out walking if she was so mortally afraid? She must have known that at night, especially moonlight nights, toads come out."

Deliberately stripping off his rubber gloves, Dr. Gosling remarked drily, "Tyson, in view of the circumstances I shall have to revise my verdict. I now find, thanks to Major Allenby's assistance, that Miss Patricia Fortier's death was due to a stab wound inflicted by a person or persons unknow. What immediate steps do you propose to take?"

That the Police Superintedent's frame of mind was far from happy anvone could have guessed by his gait as he clumped out into a small office.

"Right now, Doctor, it is difficult, almost impossible to decide on the best course." Then he turned to face Allenby. "Being far more familiar with the situation than anyone of us, Major, I'd appreciate it if you'd express any theories or suspicions you may have formed. Will you?"

Tilting back in his chair, Major Allenby nodded. "You gentlemen both understand how unwise it is to make definite statements early in a case, but this much I will say: I feel reasonably certain that Patricia Fortier's death is directly connected with the death or disappearance, of her sister."

Clip the Camera Clues

Inspector Boyd cleared his throat and glanced at the Superintendent. "It was to investigate Judy Fortier's death that Major Allenby's company sent him dow. here. Weren't quite satisfied with the verdict."

"Who handled this case?"

"MacKenna, sir. He's sailed home on leave."

"Lucky for him," Tyson grunted. stroking his jaw, his face dark above the spotless white of his coat. "Ha-hr-rumph! Major, please tell me frankly. You would prefer to continue your investigation —er— unassisted?"

"While I'm certain you wouldn't hamper me a bit," Allenby said with a ready smile, "I think it's fairly obvious that I might be able to accomplish more in the role of a fellow house guest whose true profession is, I believe, as yet unsuspected."

"Why do you say 'I believe'?"

Faint irritation sketched wrinkles at the corners of Allenby's eyes. "Well, you see Patricia was a little indiscreet when she recognized me from a picture her mother had had, but I believe I covered it up quickly enough."

"Let's hope so," Tyson commented acidly. "I wouldn't enjoy being in your shoes if the killer guesses who you really are. You were saying—?"

"I believe there is a way of identifying the murderer."

"By 'murderer' you imply that Patricia's killer was a man?"

Allenby flashed an apologetic smile. "Oh no, I use 'murderer' in reference to both sexes. Most newspapers at home have given up 'murderess' for the sake of brevity, and I because I'm lazy."

"But her slayer must have been a man." Dr. Gosling spoke for the first time in many minutes, displaying an irrtation none too successfully suppressed. "Who else could have carried a girl so far?"

Politely Allenby gazed out of the hospital's window ere he said, "On the contrary, Doctor, Patricia Fortier was neither large nor heavy. Mrs. Grafton in an accomplished horsewoman —rides to hounds all the time at home; Gail swims to beat the band and even rowed on a crew at Weelsley if her Year Book tells the truth."

"But, Major, they'd no cause to hate Miss Fortier," Boyd objected.

"Possibly not. On the other hand I rather think that fear comes closer to a true motive.

(To Be Continued)

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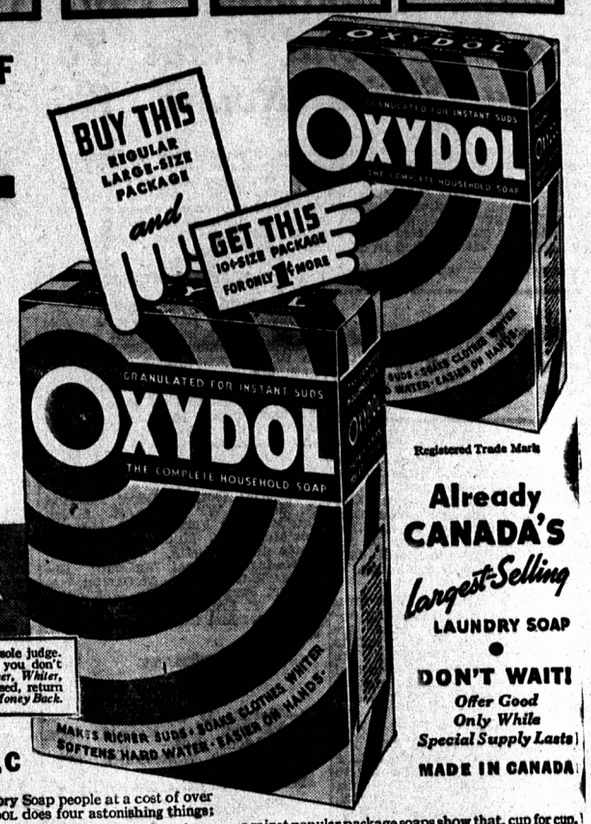

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Oil Companies Contribute to Safety

However alarming our national highway accident rate may be, and however much it may call for decisive action, if the story of safety achievements could be adequately written, the oil industry would rank high in the list of contributions.

In the face of public demands the automobile owners have been powerless to hold back advances in design and let it be said to their credit that they have matched every increase in power with a corresponding increase in safety. Models of today with all their speed are actually safer than those of a few years ago.

But it is not enough that a motor vehicle be built safe. It must also be maintained in safe condition, and no one realizes this better than the manufacturer.

The oil refiner and compounder, for instance, contribute to safety by spending vast sums each year in developing specialized fuels and lubricants embodying the extra degree of protection that means an extra measure of safety.

The oil marketing companies contribute to safety by providing safe lubricants and equipment for an economical and universally available lubrication service. With a full sense of their responsibility, they have invested millions in efficient facilities —and millions more in educating their men to rigid standards of service.

CLIMBS HIGH DAILY

LONDON, —(CP — Running the "lift" in Westminster Cathedral's lofty tower, John Farey is claimed to be Eng'and's No 1 elevator operator, climbing a total of five miles daily.

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In Memoriam

WILLIAM MACDONALD

On the evening of Monday, Feb. 28th at the Prince Edward Island Hospital there passed peacefully to his eternal reward, after an illness of three weeks, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Charlottetown in the person of William MacDonald, Bayfield St. The late Mr. MacDonald was born at New Argyle in the year 1849, son of the late Angus and Margaret (Campbell) MacDonald and was therefore in his eighty-ninth year.

At the early age of nineteen years he left his native province for the United States of America, where he resided for a period of seventeen years. In 1873 while a resident of Lowell, Mass., he married Miss Sarah Cameron of Lochaber, N. S. who returned with him a few years later to this province to resume the occupation of farming on the old homestead which he purchased, where by industry and thrift together with keen business ability he attained a large measure of success. In the year 1912 upon the death of his wife, he with his daughter Mary Margaret (two sons Sylvester and Donald Angus having passed away at an early age) removed to Charlottetown where he was well known for fifteen years as the efficient and courteous collector of the street letter box mail, retiring in the year 1932.

The deceased was a life long member of the Church of Scotland, and for forty years an elder of that church, and at all times lived a consistent Christian life. Since his retirement he was always to be found reading the word of God, especially the Book of the Psalms which he loved so well; and many friends and acquaintances will bear witness to his unfailing cheerfulness and his intelligence in the discussion of the topics of the day.

There are left to mourn his grief stricken daughter Margaret (Mrs. Fred Shaw) who together with her husband who has been a member of the household for twelve years will ever cherish the memory of a kind and loving father.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, March 2nd. from the People's Church, where a large number of friends gathered despite the unfavorable weather, the services being conducted by his pastor Rev. Malcolm Galbraith. After singing three favorite psalms of the deceased and prayer by Mr. Lloyd Henderson, Rev. G. C. Webster, pastor of Zion Church delivered a most comforting address from the text "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from hesceforth yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them. Rev. chap 14, verse 13; after which the funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery at Argyle Shore where all that was mortal was laid to rest beside his wife and children there to await a glorious resurrection.

In Memoriam

MRS. JOHN S. NOONAN BRIGHTON, MASS

Viewed humanly death is at all times sad but it becomes more so when, in the prime of life, one is taken away from the midst of friends and relatives unsuspecting God's early call.

Such was exemplified in the case of the late Mrs. John S. Noonan, formerly Miss Pauline Cahill, Bedeque, when on February 25th, last she passed away in Brighton, Mass, at the age of 37.

With her husband the deceased left here more than a decade of years ago for U. S. A. and there continued as she had always done, to practise Scrupulously and well the teachings of Holy Mother Church and by her genial deposition, simplicity of character and kind hospitality admirably succeeded in winning the affection and esteem of all who came to know her.

Deceased entered St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, for treatment only a few days before her death and despite all that tender nursing and surgical skill could accomplish death was inevitable and so another gentle soul passed on to God.

Her body, accompanied by her husband and his brother Frank, arrived on the Island March 1st. A large number of sympathetic friends and relatives followed the remains from Albany Station to her husband's home in Bedeque from which the funeral largely attended, was held Wednesday morning March 2nd to Seven Mile Bay Church where Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. W. E. Monaghan assisted by Rev. Geo. F. Bradley, S. S. Montreal. The numerous Mass cards and floral tributes received testified to the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

Besides her sorrowing husband she leaves to mourn their loss her father, Geo Cahill, one sister, Mrs. Dan McArdle, Charlottetown, brothers, John, Summerside R. R., George, Carleton, Charlottetown and Boyd, Freetown.

The pall-bearers were: Messrs. Geo. Cahill, Frank Noonan, Dan McArdle, John Green, William Trainor and Preston Noonan.

MISS CAROLINE RAMSAY

Entered into rest at Hamilton March 6th, Miss Caroline Ramsay at the advanced age of 87 years. The deceased had been in failing health for the past year, so her death was not unexpected. Of a kind and cheerful disposition she will be much missed in the home. Her surviving relatives are her three nieces, Mrs Mattie Ramsay, Charlottetown, Mrs. James Craig with whom she resided and Miss Bertha who so tenderly cared for her during her last illness. The service at the home and grave were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Malpeque.

The pallbearers ware Messrs. Harold Ramsay, Archibald Ramsay, James Ramsay, Kier Ramsay, Kier Woodside and George McKay. Interment was in the People's Cemetery, Malpeque.

NEW GERM-KILLING LAMP STOPS CATCHING SOMEBODY ELSE'S COLD

NEW YORK, March 10,— A new lamp whose beams protect a person against catching the other fellow's cold was announced at a meeting here of the American Institute, New York's oldest scientific society.

The first installation is at the teller's window of the Lafayette Bank and Trust Company at Suffern, N.Y. It was described as the culmination of ten years' search for a form of ultra-violet light to purify air and all that man touches without hurting his eyes.

In the bank window the beams form a curtain of bluish light falling from a long, horizontal, overhead tube of mercury vapor. The curtain lies between teller and customer. As the air instantly sterilized. The light kills bacteria in less than a second.

The rays also kill germs on the upper surfaces of hands passing money through the window. They even kill the germs on the exposed side of the money.

This killing of the germs carried by touch is, for most of the infectious diseases, more important than sterilizing the air. The new light has been in the Suffern bank a month. In that time, officials said today, no irritation of eyes has been noticed.

May other experiments with the tube lights were reported to the Institute. Deryl Hart, M.D., Surgeon-in-Chief of Duke Hospital, Durham, N.C., said the beams completley free the air of germs around a patient on the operating table.

Dr. Hart announced the beginnings of this operating room experiment two years ago, the first in medical history. Today he gave the results of 800 operations in air purified by the ultra-violet light. He said the death rate in these operations was cut from 5.5 per cent to 2.9. Infections after breast operations were reduced 3.1 per cent to 2.6. Infections after Hernia operations were cut from 3.3 per cent to nothing.

Dixieland Bees For Canada

Honeybees are imported in combless packages from the southern United States by the honey producers of the northern states and Canada. The reasons for this are, that in the South surplus bees can be produced very early in the spring and can be packaged and shipped north in plenty of time for the main honey flow. In certain regions, they will produce extraordinary corps of honey. Because of this, many beekeepers follow the practice of killing all their bees in the fall of the year and replacing them with package bees will give better results in regions where the main honey flow is gathered during the months of July and August, but where the flow starts about the middle of June and ceases during July, the returns are much smaller, often being little more than the cost of the packages plus transportation charges.

Packages bees may be obtained in sizes ranging from one to five pounds in weight. The two-pound size is more popular, and packages of this size have been known to produce over 300 pounds of surplus honey under very favorable conditions. The average, however, is much below this, according to C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist. Package bees must be ordered early in order to secure them at the proper time.

HAZEL GROVE SCHOOL

Honor Roll of Hazel Grove School for February:

Grade X—1. Louis Bagnall; 2. Jean Pound; 3. Catherine MacLeod.

Grade VIII—1. Georgina MacLennan; 2. Melvin Pound.

Grade VII—1. Dorothy Bagnall and Annie Pound (equal); 3. Stythen McConley; 3. Thelma Nicholson.

Grade VI Sr.—1. Allen Dunning.

Grade VI —(Jr.) 1. Heleh Pound; 2. George Pound; 3. Waldon Butram.

Grade V —1. Marjorie Buchanan; 2. Vivian Craswell; 3. Ora Pound.

Grade III—1. Hazel Craswell.

Grade II —1. Merrill Nicholson; 2. Reagh Pound.

Grade I—1. Helen Bagnall.

Teacher, —Barbour Pound.

SERIOUSLY INJURED

FREDERICTON, March 8 — (CP)—Robert Neill, aged five, was on the danger list in hospital tonight after being hit by a truck. He suffered a skull fracture, other head injuries, a broken leg and crushed foot.

The driven George Staples swerved in an attempt to avoid striking the boy. The truck broke a telephone pole and overturned but Staples escaped injury.

DEFINITE INFORMATION

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